

Pressing a last kiss on the transparent brow, Sibyl arose, and beckoned Willard to approach.

Calm and tearless, but pale with a grief too intense for tears, he came over. A flush of love and joy lit up the wan face at his approach, her arms—with a last effort—encircled his neck; the golden head dropped on his breast, while the sweet beautiful lips murmured:

"Dear Willard! dearest Willard! good-by! I am going; going to heaven to pray for you and Sibyl. You will try to be very happy, and make her very happy, when I am gone—will you not? Lift me up, Willard, and carry me to the window, I want to see the beautiful sunlight once more."

He lifted the slight little form, and sat down, with her in his arms, beside the window. A bright ray of sunshine flashed in, and lit up with a sort of glory the angel-brow, the golden hair, and the sweet, pale face.

Colder and colder grew the hand in his; lower sank the head on his bosom; fainter and fainter beat the gentle, loving heart. No sound, save the suppressed sobs of Mrs. Tom, broke the stillness of the room.

Suddenly the closed eyes flew open, with a vivid, radiant light; the sweet lips parted in a smile of ineffable joy; and she half rose from her recumbent posture. The next, she fell back; the blue eyes closed; a slight shiver passed through her frame; and the streaming sunshine fell on the face of the dead.

One year after, there was a wedding—a very quiet, private one—at the little church of N—. And when it was over, Sibyl and Willard entered their plain, dark traveling carriage, and bidding good-by to their friends assembled in the parsonage, set out for Willard's Vir-